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# TRIBUNAL.

ADDRESSED TO THE

PEERS OF GREAT-BRITAIN,

ABOUT TO SIT IN JUDGMENT

ON

WARREN HASTINGS.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE.]

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# TRIBUNAL.

FAREWELL, Saint Stephen, to thy frantic fane,
Thou true Saint Luke's for a diſtemper'd brain,
Phrenzies of head or follies of the heart,
Mocking the cure of nature and of art!
There, tho' unchain'd, our ſtate-ſtruck maniacs rail,
Bankrupt a nation, and defy a jail,

By dint of ſound, keep ſenſe itſelf in awe,
And talk of conſcience while they laugh at law.
Sticklers for public credit, live in ſtate
On that ſame credit ruinouſly great,
Prop England's failing trade yet tradeſmen cheat,
And call profuſion nature's noble heat,
Now frame a tax to pay the nation's debt,
Now ſwell their own, or clear it by a bet.

Farewell, to all the ſons of fierce debate,
Where the *mock* patriot raves to ſave the ſtate;
Where e'en the *true*, of general honour fair,
The realm's beſt bulwark, glides into the ſnare.

Farewell to Thee, in ſtern debate grown old,
By power of habit dwindled to a ſcold;
By conſtant diſputation ſpent thy force,
Thou frothing orator with paſſion hoarſe!
Haranguing ſtill, tho' impotent as loud,
The drowſy members and the coughing croud;
Still throwing off the venom of thy hate,
Pondrous yet light, and heavy without weight;

Loſt

Loſt as thou art in faction's dog-ſtar zeal,
I ſpare the ſatire, which thou canſt not feel.

Thus ſome vain hound, the noiſieſt of the pack,
For ever feels the whip upon his back;
Yet blunders on, incorrigibly wrong,
Till not a puppy heeds his yelping tongue;
On a falſe ſcent while *he* conſumes the day,
And fain would lead the ſtauncher dogs aſtray;
They, in full cry, purſue the kindling chace,
And leave th' inveterate *babbler* to diſgrace.

Farewell to thee *, thou Job of this mad age,
Meek ſoul! who prove your patience by your rage;
Who, toſs'd by tempeſts of the ſoul, ſtill ſwear
She is becalm'd, and not a breeze is there:
Who, to convince us of your *gentle* powers,
A'rt inarticulate for five long hours;
Till the poor Speaker,—mercy on his ear,
Condemn'd alas! officially to hear

* Struck with hoarſeneſs in the very act of manifeſting a mildneſs and forbearance of diſpoſition.

Whatever

Whatever nonſenſe patriot parrots pour
From faction's full, tho' overflowing ſtore!—
Till the poor Speaker might the Lord beſeech,
For partial deafneſs, till you clos'd your ſpeech!
O ſon of Chatham, would'ſt thou ſerve the ſtate,
Be thy next tax on ev'ry long debate;
Levy deep fines upon each talking fool,
And make him prate by *meaſure* as by *rule*:
Thus they who never paid a debt before,
Shall pay for folly, or be fools no more;
Or, what at worſt will be a kind relief,
Our fools *in full* will then be fools *in brief*.

Farewell to thoſe degenerated feats,
Where deep-mouth'd famine ſeizes all it meets;
Where party—tho' endow'd with ſtores of ſenſe,
Which in truth's cauſe would give omnipotence;
Turns a gaunt wolf, the worthy to devour,
In all the glutton appetite of power,
Stalking the ravag'd land with giant ſtride,
For ever gorg'd, but never ſatisfied!

O Thou whoſe lyre can touch the heavenly ſtrain,
How can *thy* genius mix in party's train,
How can the muſe of Sheridan, poſſeſs'd,
Of every power to humanize the breaſt,
Far from the laurel'd paths of glory turn,
And with the mania of a ſtateſman burn?

Farewell to Oppoſition, ſtill with pride
Knit to my heart, when honour is their guide;
Acknowledg'd and ſuſtain'd with genuine zeal,
Oft as they ſtruggle for the public weal:
But when their eloquence, an idle art,
By wiles inſidious would inflame the heart;
My independent ſoul diſdains to hold
A ſordid commerce with the ſlaves of gold;
Snaps every bond, and with an honeſt pride,
Can call on heaven to warrant change of ſide;
When fraud would ſnare, I ſpurn their impious chain;
When truth inſpires, I am their friend again.

Curs'd be the powers of genius tho' his rays
Surpaſs the glories of the ſolar blaze;

Accurs'd

Accurs'd be eloquence, tho' flaming bright
As the bleſt zone that girds the vieſt of night;
When thwarting nature's ſympathizing plan,
It would unbind the zone 'twixt man and man!
When as a goad to Miniſter and King,
Its ſweetneſs but conceals a pois'nous ſting;
When men, not meaſures, call the weapon forth,
And PREDETERMIN'D is its war with worth.

And farewell London, where this madd'ning crew,
Th' unchanging principles of *Self* purſue!
In this, diſtracted as they are, we find
A fix'd immutability of mind;
Order, midſt chaos, in one point is ſhewn,
The MODERN PATRIOT loves himſelf alone;
Steady to that, tho' mad to all beſide,
He here takes ſober reaſon for his guide:
And when we hear him in the ſenate rave,
And for his country's good all perils brave,
Boaſt of his honeſt poverty, and ſwear
The individual ſcarce deſerves his care:

That

That for the general good alone he moves,
A more than Curtius to the land he loves;
Th' obedient blood quick ſallying to his cheek,
His voice enlarg'd, as if his heart would break;
So well he plays, that thoſe who play the ſame,
Are half perſuaded that he feels the flame;
Ev'n *then*, the miſer, who hath quite forgot
Whether one generous pulſe e'er ſtir'd or not;
Whether he ever own'd the ſweet alarms
Which the chaf'd blood of the enthuſiaſt warms,
Sits not more looſely to his country's grief,
Nor more would hazard to afford relief,
Nor with a colder boſom chills to all
That can his King or countrymen befall.
Himſelf the centre, where the bias tends,
With this the ſtrife began, with this it ends:
And all that modern orators can preach,
Thro' twenty ſeſſions, ROCHEFOUCAULT can teach.
His ſelfiſh maxims thought ſo hard to bear
On human nature, thrive beneath their care:
Precept and practice are ſo well agreed,
The worſhippers are worthy of the creed.

Yet think not here with an ungenerous aim,
I madly deem all patriots the ſame;
Sublimely rais'd above the motly crew,
I ſtrongly mark the falſe one from the true!
Some from the maſs—my ſoul adheres to thoſe
Prompted by zeal, on PRINCIPLE oppoſe;
Plain, independent, genuine, rough, and bold,
True Engliſh patriots from the Roman mould:
From what to them *ſeems* hoſtile they depart,
Their ſtern denials prove an upright heart,
Unbrib'd, unbought, they feel for public good,
And would maintain their birthright with their blood:
In conduct blameleſs, and in conſcience clear,
With or againſt the Miniſter ſincere,
Earneſt in honour's cauſe their paſſions ſpring,
They can bear virtue even in a King.
Tranſport to ſuch! for tho' they may miſtake
The good of England, 'tis for England's ſake;
Right their intentions, their exertions bold,
Their frowns and ſmiles beyond the reach of gold;
They chooſe a ſide, and give it all their weight,
Support from honeſty, but not from hate;

Oppoſe

Oppoſe from dignity but not from ſpite;
Firm in their cauſe, becauſe they think it right:
But ſhould conviction of the *wrong* appear,
Their glowing ſouls, unknowing how to fear,
Would feel abſolv'd from every former vow,
And glory in the change—as I do now.

When patriots, turn'd to tyrants, take the field,
And fight 'gainſt virtue, behind vice's ſhield,
When they aſſume foul perſecution's rod,
Claiming the ſanction of the living God,
Call blaſphemy to ſolemnize a fraud,
And their audacity with pride applaud,
When in this happy land, where mercy's throne,
For many a ſplendid century hath ſhone,
Theſe guardians of our liberty would force
Cœleſtial juſtice from her even courſe,
And tho' they boaſt each licence to reſtrain,
Revive the accurſed arts of hated Spain,
Even while they talk of pity's power divine,
Like ſaintly votaries kneeling at her ſhrine!

When nature they would thwart, to pity dead,
And bring the INQUISITION in her ſtead;
A fiend abhorr'd—when ſuch the *patriot* plan,
'Tis time to vindicate the rights of man;
'Tis time to quit th' aſſaſſinating race,
Who ſhares their murders, merits their diſgrace.

Farewell then, London—Come, thou muſe of Truth,
Thou dear companion of my earlieſt youth,
Whoſe ſacred counſel often has beguil'd
The boſom'd ſorrow till thro' tears it ſmil'd;
Like ſun-beams chearing ſome dejected flow'r,
Bow'd to the earth by winter's ſearching ſhow'r,
Thou beſt aſſociate of the peaceful vale,
Where health 'midſt roſes, breathes the vital gale,
And nature ſits upon her bloſſom'd throne,
While muſic trills reſponſive to thy own;
Join me, lov'd gueſt, amidſt theſe green retreats,
Where royal Windſor opens all her ſweets;
Together let us hail her lofty bowers,
And ſtill thyſelf, approach a monarch's towers.

Tho' near a monarch's towers, thy ſacred art
Shall ſpeak a language flowing from the heart;
That ſweeter muſic than e'er fill'd the grove,
When tun'd by nature, ev'ry voice is love.
No tool to greatneſs, and no ſlave to fear,
Still thine, O Truth, I dare to be ſincere.
Still haſt thou prov'd the guardian of my way,
Still bade me ſcorn the temporizing lay,
Heard me the higheſt of the high reſtrain,
When pow'r for freedom forg'd the minion chain,
Heard me treat vice, however nobly born,
Or nobly ſtation'd, with a generous ſcorn,
Heard me the loweſt of the low ſupport,
When lordly pride with humble worth would ſport.
O thou haſt witneſs'd the indignant blood,
Courſe thro' my veins, like ſome impetuous flood
Burſting its bound, when I have ſeiz'd the pen,
Spurning all rank, to puniſh guilty men;
Like heav'n's own lightnings honeſt ſatire came
Truth nerv'd my arm, and all my ſoul was flame.
Nor with leſs ardour, leſs impaſſion'd ſong,
In tides of panegyric *pure* as ſtrong,

Thou ſtill, my goddeſs, oft haſt heard me praiſe
The humbleſt virtues in the warmeſt lays;
In cots or courts, ſtill goodneſs, worth, or ſenſe,
Private or public, claim pre-eminence.
And thou ſhalt ſee, while I thy weapon wield,
By thee inſpir'd, for thee I take the field.

Come then, lov'd muſe, in all thy radiant powers,
Untouch'd by fraud, tho' near a monarch's towers!
In every place true VIRTUE is the ſame,
Nor can vice reach her with a taint of ſhame;
Obſcur'd in cells, or glittering round a throne,
Tho' oft contagion ſpreads from one to one;
A more than magic anodyne ſhe wears,
And free from peſt breathes unpolluted airs;
An heav'nly hoſt of freſhning zephyrs ſpring,
Where'er expands her purifying wing;
The ſpot ſhe fills, tho' peſtilence around,
With putrid victims heaps the loathſome ground,
Is privileg'd by heav'n from all diſeaſe,
And God's protecting Spirit charms the breeze.

Why ſhould the ſpotleſs muſe then fear to tell,
Whene'er the VIRTUES in a palace dwell?
She who has dar'd, in her unpurchas'd ſtrain,
To ſtrike the VICES whereſoe'er they reign,
Has laugh'd to ſcorn the ſcreening pomps of ſtate,
And ſhewn no favor to the guilty great,
With her keen faulchion, in her terrors dreſs'd,
Pierc'd the falſe court, and ſmote the ſcepter'd creſt,
Like an avenging angel boldly ſtood,
And ſtem'd corruption's mercenary flood;
Free to applaud as ſhe was free to blame,
Why in the vulgar rant ſhould ſhe declaim?
Avaunt the ſyſtem of the black'ning crew,
Truth, generous Truth, gives friend or foe his due.

Fair o'er the ſcene where ſwells yon kingly dome,
The LOVES DOMESTIC fix their ſmiling home;
Unnumber'd joys as by a cæſtus bound,
The regal family connect around;
Affection's roſy coronet is ſeen,
Wove by a Monarch's hand to grace a Queen;

How

How worthy of the Monarch's wreathe to wear,
Let grateful Britons with one voice declare!
Here thoſe ſmooth bleſſings on the mountains bred,
By Bards made tenants only of the *ſhed*,
Where nature bids her artleſs paſſions play,
And o'er her ruſtic children holds her ſway,
Thoſe joys, by poets baniſh'd from a throne
In verſe beſtow'd on villagers alone,
The ſinging milk-maid and the whiſtling ſwain,
Who feed the muſe's flocks upon the plain,
Midſt rills and hills lead an Arcadian life,
To ſpleen unpoliſh'd nor refin'd to ſtrife,
Compos'd as ſtreams imagination leads,
Through flow'ry paſtures and embroider'd meads,
Here all theſe bleſſings as from exile meet,
And ev'n with Princes find a bleſt retreat;
Here wedded virtue, might a cot adorn,
And filial duty of that virtue born,
In kindred amity the caſtle grace,
The firſt in goodneſs as the firſt in place:
The ſcepter'd ſire has here by Thames been ſeen,
Like Shepherd Parent ſporting on the green;

While

While crouding to his banks the hinds appear,
Wond'ring to ſee ſuch village tranſports here.
Even now with glad ſurprize the peaſant ſtands
And views in happy groupe the princely bands;
Forgetting half the magic of the crown,
The regal pomp and echoes of renown,
He ſees uſurp'd *the birthright of the poor*,
And feels a paſſion never felt before.
" And oh! unequal deſtiny, he cries!
" My children view yon groupe with jealous eyes;
" Envy the joys which great ones there poſſeſs,
" Rich as *ourſelves* in health and happineſs;
" All *we* could boaſt to mitigate our fate,
" To balance, Servitude, thy galling weight,
" To bear coarſe food, and a yet coarſer bed,
" And all the ills the needy have to dread,
" Was the conſoling thought that domes of power
" Ne'er knew the raptures of an humble bow'r,
" Nor heart-felt comfort of the faithful wife,
" Nor friend ſincere, nor home unvex'd with ſtrife;
" Theſe joys *we* held by privilege our own,
" But here behold them ſmiling round a throne;

" The poor man's bliss and honours of the great
" Are here united by too partial fate:
" Then children view yon groupe with jealous eyes,
" And curse the unequal destiny he cries.
" And yet forbear—since 'tis to them we owe
" The plenteous joys which round our cottage flow;
" Hard tho' our fortune and to labour born,
" They bid fair bounty all our huts adorn;
" Ev'n ye, my sons, are children of their care,
" And shall ye curse—O impious thought! forbear!
" Ah! rather bow—let ev'ry murmur cease,
" This be your prayer—May transport still increase!"

And yet ev'n here so mix'd are human things,
So tax'd with care the happiest state of Kings,
That many a cloud disturbs this smiling scene,
And breaks the sabbath of the sweet serene.
A jewell'd crown adorns the aching head,
The heart lies bleeding on a gorgeous bed;
In ermin'd robes the haras's'd form is dress'd,
And stars beam lambent on the throbbing breast.

Sov'reigns,

Sov'reigns, 'tis true, are gaz'd at as they go,
Yet half their lives are made a public Shew;
On the vaſt ocean of the ſtate they ſail,
The quickſands here, and there the ſtorms aſſail;
Here tempeſts gather from the treach'rous breeze,
There monſters ſwell more fierce than madd'ning ſeas.
The courtier ſhoals here ſpawn beneath the view,
And there the patriot ſhark alarms the crew;
In the dark traitor all Charibdis works,
A thouſand Scylla's in the flatterer lurks;
And ſhould they both the regal bark o'erwhelm,
Fraud at the prow or folly at the helm;
To the rude billow Kings are left alone,
The fault another's, the diſgrace their own.

O Britiſh Honours, ſeduloufly ſought,
The daily effort and the nightly thought,
Soul of each wiſh and ſpirit of each prayer,
Loſt in an hour, tho' earn'd by years of care,
Now ſhower'd on virtue like reward from heav'n,
Now ſpent on vice like bribes by demons giv'n;

To baſeneſs offer'd, or beſtow'd on worth;
And oft deſtroy'd the moment of its birth;
Snatch'd from the honeſt brows it ſhould adorn,
Like flow'rs that periſh on their natal morn!

And BRITISH SUBJECTS, patrons of this fame,
Prompt in the raſh extremes of praiſe and blame!
How are ye plung'd in paradoxes ſtrong,
Quick to be right, yet rapid to be wrong?
Brave, ardent, generous, loyal, good, and great,
The plume of nations and the pride of fate,
Cold, cruel, thankleſs, fickle, and unkind,
Compound of all that charms and taints the mind!
Blown by the breath of paſſion's wanton gale,
As mad opinion ſhifts the veering ſail;
Intoxicated now and now ſedate,
Dangerous your friendſhip, perilous your hate!
Your favourites whirl'd by prejudice around,
Are now degraded, now with triumphs crown'd:
As children mould and mar the waxen toy,
Now fond you worſhip, and now fierce deſtroy.

Your

Your CHATHAM's worth once bleſs'd with ſuch applauſe,
That to reward it was a common cauſe.
Your PULTNEY too partook your idol prayers,
That high deſert might claim a Monarch's cares,
Till the whole habitable earth might know
And bleſs the bounty which you taught to flow;
But ah! no ſooner was your King inſpir'd,
To give the fair diſtinction you requir'd,
Than indignation like a torrent came
At once to damn the recompence and fame,
Sov'reign and ſubjects equal hatred drew,
And more than angels, leſs than demons grew!

Lo! in a line, your lov'd creations ſtand,
At once an honour'd and inſulted band,
Kings, Heroes, Stateſmen—an illuſtrious race,
In favor loftieſt, loweſt in diſgrace,
Worthies of ancient times—the iſle's ſupport,
Strength of her camp and ſplendour of her court;
Ah! what were all theſe meteors of renown
But ſhining vaſſals of your ſmile and frown;

Their

Their broad effulgence now gave light on high,
Now their ſhorn beams ſeem'd ſhrinking from the ſky;
Proudly aloft behold awhile they glare,
Unbodied viſions form'd of painted air;
The colours ſtronger than e'er fancy drew,
So clear, ſo full, we deem each tint is true;
But not ſo quickly fades ſpring's earlieſt flow'r,
Nor melts an April ſun-beam into ſhow'r;
Nor does the ſhadow fleet ſo faſt away,
Nor blends ſo ſoon with air the vapour's ray!

Yet wherefore turn the ſtory'd records o'er,
Which faithful hiſtory brings from days of yore?
Why ſearch the volume of the *paſt* to find
The wild exceſſes of the public mind;
The ſudden turns of fondneſs and of hate,
And all the deep reverſes of the great?
O Memory, ſpare thy retroſpective pow'r,
And fix thine eye upon the preſent hour.

Lives there not ONE Britannia's pride and ſhame,
The firſt in honour as the firſt in fame;

Himſelf a ſlave upon a burning coaſt,
The merchant's treaſure and the ſoldier's boaſt,
Whom the gemm'd eaſt with all her powers confeſs'd,
By conquerors worſhip'd and by captives bleſt,
Who aw'd the ſavage, while he gently ſway'd,
Nerve of our war and bulwark of our trade;
Yet his the peril his the panting toil,
The verieſt drudge upon the burning ſoil!

Full many a year of faithful ſervice paſt,
With honours loaded he returns at laſt;
The ſable bands who ſee their lord depart,
Pay the white tribute of a chriſtian heart;
Their mute emotions eloquently ſpeak,
And pureſt ſorrow bathes the darkeſt cheek,
While genuine incenſe pour'd from every hand,
Prepare the welcome of his native land:
His native land at length with joy he gains,
The wiſh'd retreat from voluntary pains,
And hopes, each duty of the public o'er,
To quit the country he had ſerv'd no more;
But paſs, with honour'd eaſe, the eve of life,
Deſerving quiet nor expecting ſtrife.

His bark in view, a nation's joy began,
And ſwift to greet him ſhouting miriads ran;
The liſping babe and manly youths appear,
And ſhining trains of blooming maids are there;
Ev'n bed-rid age, tho' long ſhut up from ſight,
Reſumes the crutch and travels into light,
For Haſtings! Haſtings! is the wreathe entwin'd!
The name of Haſtings in each boſom ſhrin'd!
Applauding hands, admiring hearts unite,
And Haſtings! Haſtings! echoes to delight!
A grateful Monarch joins the juſt renown,
The fame of Haſtings ſoon inveſts the throne;
BRITANNIA's ſelf enamour'd ſeems to riſe,
Sublimer glories beaming from her eyes;
" And hail, all hail, in extacy ſhe cry'd,
" Thou ſaviour of the Eaſt, my Albion's pride;
" Hail great Protector of my power ſuſtain'd,
" My realms augmented and my rights maintain'd,
" My friends beſt guardian and my foes chief rod,
" Genius of England, more than Indian God!"

Lives

Lives there not One whoſe long-prov'd virtues drew
The empire's homage, from the empire due?
Lives there not One to whom his country owes
The golden tide that ſtill encreaſing flows,
From whom our Weſtern World repair'd its light,
And but for whom our Orient had been night?

Yes, there lives One to whom ev'n fame like this,
Gives to the ſoul but ſecondary bliſs,
Can boaſt a wreathe more fair than fame e'er wove,
Fix'd on his brow by a whole empire's love.
CONSCIENCE alone this chaplet can beſtow,
The power that forms our heav'n or hell below,
Now in her Pandemonium of the breaſt,
Thron'd as th' avenging fiend in horrors dreſs'd,
Now a rewarding angel in her ſhrine,
Which none approach but votaries divine;
She bids the Virtues who there bloom ſerene,
Diſpenſe a bleſſing, like their God, unſeen;
This boſom wreathe ſhall Haſtings ever wear,
For the rewarding angel plac'd it there.

Oh! ſpite of all the din of falſe applauſe,
Faction's mock eloquence in honour's cauſe,
The envious men who have that chaplet torn,
Urg'd by th' avenging fiend ſhall inly mourn;
For by impartial nature 'tis decreed
That from inflicted pangs ſhall pangs proceed;
Cloſe on the crime the puniſhment ſhall wait,
And keep in even poiſe the ſcales of fate;
Which ſtill retorts on every guilty heart
The ſtroke it gives, with uſury of ſmart,
And ev'ry dart that takes a vicious aim
Recoils to ſtab the breaſt from whence it came.

HASTINGS come forth, Supreme of the oppreſs'd,
Whoſe boſom owns the ſelf-approving gueſt;
Illuſtrious victim of too warm a zeal!
Thou patriot martyr of the public weal!
Cas'd in thy innocence, that heavenly mail,
Againſt whoſe temper'd proof no frauds prevail;
Come forth unaw'd, tho' from their native hell
Th' accuſing Spirits 'gainſt thy worth rebel.

What

What tho' a dark confederating brood,
Like Satan's ſynod in the fiery flood,
Maintain in haunts obſcene a gloomy ſtate,
And weave in falſhood's loom the woof of fate,
The wiſh'd TRIBUNAL of thy truth's at hand,
And vain the threats of yon devoted band.

But hark! I hear the Fiend of wordy powers,
Who decks his ſerpent tongue with wreaths of flowers,
Who round each ſnaky fold a garland throws,
Like a foul canker in the blooming roſe,
Pois'ning its fragrance—thus his rage expreſs,
And Belial-like the ſable croud addreſs.

" Arm, arm, aſſociates, ye, who with ſucceſs
" Have made the greater good appear the leſs;
" Who long have ſtrain'd the pliant powers of wit,
" To wound the Sovereign through the ſides of Pitt;
" Whoſe magic eloquence all hues can lend,
" Now bid them ſhine diſtinct, now ſubtly blend;
" Command at will the Ethiop to be white,
" Or make Circaſſia's bloom more dark than night;

" Now change the colours, mingle them, and then,
" As waves your wand, turn black to white again.
" Ye that ſo love the vice you hate in others,
" Hear me, oh! hear me, my dear Stygian brothers!
" Yon Eaſtern Miſchief ſtill is in our way,
" And all is loſt if he ſurvives to-day;
" Scotch'd but not kill'd, ſee ſtill he moves along,
" His ſpirit dauntleſs and his conſcience ſtrong;
" Eternal object of my direſt hate,
" If he eſcapes my ſnare he proves my fate;
" For who like us, congenial Powers, can tell,
" That Virtue's meed is Envy's hotteſt hell.
" Then oh! ſupport what we 've already done,
" And boldly end what I ſo well begun."
He ſaid, when ſtrait the leagu'd demoniacs roſe,
Fierce to attack and vigorous to oppoſe;
Detraction rides on each envenom'd tongue,
Where vap'rous breath of toads and aſps were hung;
Revenge, hate, diſcord, jealouſy, and fear,
A phalanx horrible and firm, appear;
Th' infernal train attended by Deſpair,
Spread the dark plumes which blacken'd all the air;

The

The ſun himſelf ſeem'd blaſted at the view,
And nature ſhudder'd as the demons flew.
At length arriv'd near * Sebert's royal towers,
The dotard Chief arrang'd his ebon powers;
Palſy'd with rage his hand held forth a ſcroll,
And thus foam'd forth the malice of his ſoul.

" HASTINGS appear—O man of crimes, come forth,
" Thou worſe than Borgia to the groaning earth;
" England's falſe friend, and Aſia's direſt foe,
" Thou ſtain of nature, and the nation's woe;
" Thou more than traitor to thy country's good,
" Thou ſpotted tyrant gorg'd with human blood;
" Thou cold deceiver, whoſe devouring rage
" Feeds on diſtreſs, and ſpares nor ſex nor age—
" O liſt, ye Britons, to yon orphan's ſigh,
" That famiſh'd father's groan, that widow's cry;
" Hear the ſad ſhrieks on yon affrighted ſhore,
" And ſeize the monſter ſteep'd in Indian gore;
" See miriads ſtarve on the Zenana wall,
" And ſore oppreſs'd in vain for hunger call;

* Weſtminſter-Abbey, built by Sebert, King of Eſſex.

" See

" See captive Princes in a dungeon chain'd,
" With royal blood the flinty pavement ſtain'd;
" Hark! hark! that ſanguine ſtroke gave thouſands death,
" And helpleſs women yield their tortur'd breath;
" See yon pale ghoſt—ah ſtill it ſeems to bleed,
" Haſtings ſtand forth—'TIS THOU HAST DONE THE DEED."

O thou falſe Eloquence, by fraud deſign'd
To pluck the lily from the ſpotleſs mind,
The ſweets of Hybla on thy ſcorpion tongue,
'Tis thine with hollow art to varniſh wrong,
To faireſt actions give the foulеſt name,
Tinge foulеſt deeds till they aſpire to fame;
Enlarging or diminiſhing at will,
To villain int'reſt moves thy mirror ſtill;
A cherub's form now bid thy demon take,
Now of that deity a demon make:
O thou ſoul' proſtitute, whoſe ſordid art
Seduces firſt and then betrays the heart,
Array'd in charms by aiding nature giv'n,
That ſeem to boaſt direct deſcent from heav'n,

Tho'

Tho' hell leſs baneful than thy treacherous ſway,
Whene'er it ſtarts from honour's bound aſtray.

If a long life of faith ſeverely try'd,
If gentleſt virtues join'd to generous pride,
If temper meek, yet courage greatly prov'd,
Fear'd by the baſe, by all the good approv'd;
If rough in war as torrents when they roar,
Yet mild as peace itſelf when war is o'er;
If public virtue for no private end,
Beſpeaks the patriot or diſplays the friend;
If private virtue ſtill for public good,
Of wealth the joy, of poverty the food;
If theſe pourtray a tyrant, traitor's mind,
Then Haſtings is the vileſt of mankind.
But if our reverence or our love they claim,
Haſtings ſtands foremoſt on the liſt of fame.

Ev'n now emboſom'd in yon ſmiling ſcene,
Where conſcience breathes freſh perfume o'er the green,
And in each ſoft receſs th' enthuſiaſt meets
A fragrant rival e'en to Windſor's ſweets.

But not alone thoſe ſweets in ſunny time,
When nature proudly wantons in her prime,
And ſheds ſuch bloom into her world of flow'rs,
She fondly ſeems in love with her own powers;
Not theſe alone—tho' in profuſion here,
Her fair creations in their pride appear;
The dome encircle and with fragrance wide
Inveſt the hills and thro' the vallies glide;
Wind with the waters as thro' meads they flow,
Aſcend the cliff or ſeek the glen below;
Th' imperial city now at once diſplay,
Now lead to ſhades that ſcarce admit the day;
To graſſy nooks where anchorites might dwell,
By fairies only guided to their cell,
Or the attendant genii of the place,
Who every leafy labyrinth can trace;
As with a verdant clue conduct the feet,
Or to the broad expanſe or bower'd retreat;
To where the glow-worm ſhews its twinkling veſt,
Or, the ambitious falcon weaves his neſt.
For not a ſhrub that nature bids to blow,
And not a ſtreamlet ſhe directs to flow,

And not a warbler that ſhe bids to ſing,
And not a flower that decks the breaſt of ſpring,
But happy * BEAUMONT from exhauſtleſs ſtores,
With partial bounty prodigally pours.
Not theſe alone—but yet of lovelier hue,
Sweets that no roſe or woodbine ever knew;
For all the Graces there have fix'd their ſeat,
And all the Virtues hallow the retreat;
Truth, Pity, Candour, ev'ry heav'nly gueſt,
Have rear'd an altar in † MARIA's breaſt;
An hero's firmneſs, oft in peril prov'd,
Where manly courage would have fail'd, unmov'd;
With all the wiſdom of the patriot fraught,
Preſence of mind and energy of thought;
Full oft the ſavage ſnare hath ſhe withſtood,
And, vaunting nothing, plann'd Britannia's good;
Still grac'd with all that ſweetens ſocial life,
Charms in the friend or bleſſes in the wife;
In joy, in grief, in health, in ſickneſs try'd,
HASTINGS, avow the truth, and weep with pride!

* Beaumont-Lodge, near Windſor Foreſt.

† Thouſands can atteſt this is the unadulated and unexaggerated character of Mrs. Haſtings.

Ev'n now withdrawn to yon ſequeſter'd ſpot,
The blood-hound cry of faction half forgot,
HASTINGS, the Borgia, whom no plea can move,
With her the partner of unfading love;
This wretch who ſmil'd to hear the widow's ſigh,
And fancy'd muſic in the orphan's cry,
Who baſely fed upon a nation's woe,
And drank the tear his arts provok'd to flow;
In peace, and war, prompt at oppreſſion's call,
This ſworn and common enemy of all,
Nature's enormous curſe, here far from ſtrife,
Still dares to form and feel the bliſs of life;
Still dares, bold ſinner! to relieve the poor,
And beckon ſorrow to his friendly door;
Is ſtill awake to ſoft compaſſion's plea,
True to thy touch, ah! ſweet Humanity!

O ſtrange to tell! the deſolating hand,
Which ſcatter'd ruin over Aſia's land,
Its cunning loſes, till its ruthleſs ſpear
Turns to a wand, replete with virtue here;

The

The woes which drop from fell Diſeaſe's wing,
The deeper wounds that from Affliction ſpring,
This once barbarian weapon kindly heals,
A gentle heart this cruel hand reveals;
His country's ſcourge, the traitor of his God,
To pity's ſceptre ſhapes his iron rod,
And, wond'rous paradox! this Man of blood
In either zone but breathes for general good.

In the warm glow of voluntary lays;
With pride, with tranſport, I diſpenſe the praiſe,
Yet think not that I proſtitute my ſong,
But catch the ſpirit from each honeſt tongue.
Go bid the neighb'ring Poor his crimes proclaim!
Full in their anſwering ſmiles is writ his ſhame.
Go to the Rich, and in their friendſhip's find
The blameleſs hiſt'ry of this monſter's mind;
Friendſhips begun in his youth's earlieſt bloom,
Firmly mature, and mocking ev'n the tomb;
Go aſk his Country, bid his Sov'reign tell,
All, all delighted, on his virtues dwell;

Go launch the Bark his baſeneſs to explore,
And pierce the bowels of the Indian ſhore;
Go make thy viſit to the Begum race,
Scene of his fraud, his plunder, and diſgrace;
Let Slander, who has bellow'd long and loud,
Of Lucknow, Fyzabad, Chunar, and Oude,
And many a name that might our verſe-men poſe,
Tho' patriots mouth them out ſo pat in proſe;
Aſk in the name of all, but aſk in rhymes,
For a true ſchedule of this monſter's crimes;
Ev'n to the patroneſs of patriots go,
And take his Doomſday-book from poor old Bhow.
—Thy pardon, awful Truth, for wreathing here,
In paſſing onward one Parnaſſian ſneer—
In Aſia as in Albion were he try'd,
Still ſhould we find that *Honour* was his guide!

The general ſigh remov'd, the tear repreſs'd,
His country reſcu'd, and his King redreſs'd,
Well juſtify the wrongs through years ſuſtain'd,
And more than twice ten Charges unexplain'd.
Who but muſt ſmile, when from the Indian ſhore
Our patriots cannot bring one witneſs o'er,

Nor

Nor even a ſlave can bribe to croſs the Main,
Nor win a ſingle Eunuch to complain;
Nor coax one Princeſs of the Begum breed
To ſwear by Alla—Haſtings did the deed.

Charges like theſe, of ſick'ning Envy born,
Are but as fogs that fain would blaſt the morn;
A moment they obſcure the orb of day,
And borrow ſhort-liv'd being from his ray;
Which growing ſoon inſufferably bright,
Each vapour dies in the exceſs of light.

Who but muſt glow with all a Poet's fire,
And who but rage with all a Patriot's ire,
When deſperate partizans, colleagu'd, we view,
Thro' ev'ry age the great and good purſue?
As intereſt bids, for Truth or Falſhood arm,
And talk of ſweet Compaſſion's holy charm;
Can beſt harangue of what they leaſt have felt,
Glories which kindle, charities which melt;
Paint all thoſe fine emotions never known,
And ſtrive to mend all errors—but their own;

Revel whole nights with Faro and his train,
Till ſick of Vice, they 're Virtue's friends again;
Now plead the orphan's cauſe, and now deſtroy
The orphan's innocence or matron's joy;
Champions of right 'midſt each egregious wrong,
In practice feeble tho' in precept ſtrong;
Where is the cheek not ting'd by honeſt ſhame,
When men like theſe aſpire to virtuous fame?
Stir up the ſpirits of the liſt'ning croud,
Like daring Stentors voluble and loud;
Ev'n till they bear from Worth the palm away,
And hold o'er Virtue all a tyrant's ſway;
Uſurp the public ſhout, that virtue's claim,
Till Fraud grows popular, and Vice is fame!

Come then, O TRUTH, from cloudleſs ſkies deſcend,
Arm'd by thy God, the cauſe thou lov'ſt defend!
Sublimely plac'd on yonder ſtarry throne,
Where with aſſociate LIGHT thy beams have ſhone;
Where with th' Almighty Sire amidſt the ſkies,
In heav'n's receſſes, thy pavilion lies,

Where hoſts of cherubs drink thy living ray,
And breathe the purity of perfect day;
To earth deſcend—thy holy fire impart,
Unveil thy radiance to the human heart;
There bid thy altars blaze till not a cloud
The awful majeſty of TRUTH enſhroud,
In ev'ry boſom bid the genuine flame,
Point to clear honour, glow to gen'rous fame
For thou, oh Goddeſs, like thy heav'nly Sire,
Can every good and gracious deed inſpire!
Pride, Rapine, Malice, of thy voice afraid,
Inglorious ſinks into the covering ſhade;
Smote by thine eye the conſcious Slanderer flies,
The Aſſaſſin trembles, and the Murtherer dies;
Deſpotic tyrants like their vaſſals groan,
And vanquiſh'd Treaſon crouches at thy throne:
The Minion purchas'd and the Pander ſold,
Pierc'd by thy glance, their mineing frauds unfold;
Aw'd by thy touch, that hollow power of tongue,
Puzzler of right and varniſher of wrong;
That ſnake-enwreathed ELOQUENCE OF ART,
Which warps the head while it enflames the heart,

Yields

Yields to the eloquence thy breath beſtows,
Where all thy power in bright effulgence glows.

Hail'd be that Power! hail ELOQUENCE OF SOUL!
Whoſe voice the Fiends of Darkneſs can controul;
Can bid Oppreſſion meet its final doom,
And Truth like morn pervade the midnight gloom!
High o'er the daring ſinner waves thy rod,
And he who loves not, learns to fear his God;
Thy flaming bolts at the Blaſphemer hurl'd,
Awe the hard heart that taints the groaning world:
Now juſtice bids thee wing the lighteſt dart,
Now plunge thy dagger in the quiv'ring heart;
Now in full force thy powers reſiſtleſs glow,
Now ſmoothly move, and now impetuous flow;
Now to a narrow bound like rills confin'd,
Now broad as ocean overwhelm the mind.
When on the STAGE thy SIDDONS tries her ſway,
While all the ſubject Paſſions charm'd obey;
Thee, Thee we feel in ev'ry magic tone,
Her breaſt thy manſion, and her eye thy throne.

When

When at the BAR thy ERSKINE's form appears,
The Orphan ſmiles, the Widow dries her tears;
In reaſoning potent, and of accent ſweet,
Supremely poliſh'd, and yet ſimply great,
Pride of the Iſle, and Thee, he long ſhall ſtand,
Guard of our Laws, and bulwark of our Land.
When in the SENATE thy own CHATHAM's ſon
Purſues the courſe his godlike Sire hath run,
Combin'd we feel the vary'd powers of Truth,
And age's wiſdom joins the fires of youth,
His Father's ſpirit ſeems to move in ſight,
Another Chatham ſpeaks, and all is Light *.

But lo! fair TRUTH herſelf, from realms of day
Comes on, and brighter ſun-beams mark her way!
Where yonder Dome in venerable ſtate,
Rears the broad arch and forms the gothic gate,
Hard by the Tombs that cloſe th' illuſtrious dead,
O'er which the living with due reverence tread;

* The Premier's change from the glow of Panegyric to the gloom of Cenſure in the caſe of the Governor-General, muſt, by his warmeſt admirers, be, in candour, imputed to the faſcinating power of that *falſe and hollow Eloquence* already execrated, rather than to the inſpiration or irradiation of that Divinity whoſe unclouded beams are the objects of the preſent Eulogium.

Where thoſe who ſweetly ſung or bravely fought,
Or wiſely govern'd, or divinely thought,
Chiefs of the War, or Fathers of the State,
The Learn'd, the Fair, the Honour'd, and the Great,
Where theſe repoſing mix their ſacred duſt,
Diſtinguiſh'd only by th' hiſtoric buſt,
The faithful marble or the penſive urn,
Which ſeem the aſhes that they ſhield to mourn;
I ſee, methinks, her throne the Goddeſs rear,
Her trumpet ſounds, and all her powers appear;
An equal mirror in her hand ſhe holds,
Which all that ſubtleſt fraud would hide, unfolds;
In due proportion by this priſm diſplay'd,
Action and motive are tranſparent made;
Juſtice and Mercy, twin archangels, ſtand,
Equal in honour, equal in command;
This, as the Guardian of inſulted Laws,
The flaming ſword, as erſt in Eden, draws,
And That, ſoft balm infuſes on the wound,
Where but one ray for pity can be found.

Auguſt, between two Pillars of the Cauſe,
Guide of her Councils, Guardian of her Laws,
Both known to public Fame from public Truſt,
Wiſe in the Senate, at the Forum juſt;
CAMDEN, ſagacious, eloquent, and ſound,
THURLOW, energic, potent, and profound;
The ſtar-ey'd Seraph ſtood, to ſight confeſs'd,
And thus the aſſembl'd Peers around addreſs'd.

" Synod ſublime! ye delegates of Heav'n,
" To whom MY dread Prerogative is giv'n!
" Too nobly grac'd by Fortune and by Fate
" To bear a hireling patriot's ſordid ſtate;
" Too proudly born to join the ſervile crew,
" Who ne'er the breath of lineal honour drew;
" Who, or by hazard or corruption great,
" From fires obſcure can ne'er degenerate;
" Ye, whom the touch of anceſtry inſpire
" With all a Son's hereditary fire,
" Inheritors of an illuſtrious name,
" Who hold in *truſt* your great forefathers' fame;

" Ye patriots by deſcent, by birthright good,
" Thro' whoſe rich veins flows unattainted blood,
" Who look on int'reſt with a brave diſdain,
" And the high titles which you bear, *ſuſtain*;
" Firm be your ſouls, for now 'tis yours to prove
" Your ſacred power, commiſſion'd from above!

" A patriot is oppreſs'd, a good man bleeds,
" The faireſt mind ſtands charg'd with fouleſt deeds—
" Deeds which might cruſh whole empires with their
" weight,
" And aſk to puniſh them new laws of Fate;
" For ſure the wretch enlarging Vice's bound,
" Merits more pangs than ancient Fraud e'er found;
" Lo! at your Bar your Haſtings thus arraign'd,
" And each dire charge with deſperate zeal maintain'd;
" Unaw'd and yet with rev'rence meet he ſtands,
" With heart ungall'd and with unſpotted hands;
" Sublime amidſt the ruins of his fame,
" To you he now refers his final claim;
" Ye who can witneſs that with courtier arts
" He ne'er has woo'd an int'reſt in your hearts;

" Ev'n

" Ev'n 'gainſt this hour of trial ne'er eſſay'd
" By moving tales to win your ſaving aid,
" But with a dignity of ſoul inſpir'd,
" From all the Pow'rful, all the Great retir'd;
" Ev'n from his cheriſh'd Friendſhips kept aloof,
" NOT ASKING KINDNESS, BUT DEMANDING PROOF;
" Nor ever, like an abject culprit, ſought
" To bribe a foe, where foes have oft been bought;
" Firm in the pride of innocence bely'd,
" Without a patron he would now be try'd.
" To your TRIBUNAL unappall'd he flies,
" Second to that which waits him in the ſkies.
" To both, he dares in England's cauſe appeal,
" And not one terror of the Traitor feel."

She ſaid; with pious awe th' aſſembly heard,
And felt a potent ſpell in every word;
Her voice breath'd more than oracles around,
And air itſelf ſeem'd huſh to catch the ſound;
While all the Virtues kneeling at her throne,
Bound with a ſtarry wreathe her radiant zone,

But

But oh! her figure yet more fair impreſs'd,
Glow'd on the faithful tablet of the breaſt;
There ſtill ſhe ſhone as on her Judgment Seat,
And ſeem'd the Nobles of the Land to greet;
Her heav'nly image from the life pourtray'd,
There all the bright Divinity diſplay'd.

'Twas then, O Haſtings, thou whoſe bleeding wrongs
Diſtinct to paint would aſk a thouſand tongues;
'Twas then thy innocence, like gather'd light,
Immediate burſting thro' th' opaque of night;
'Twas then thy honour quicken'd into flame,
And more than ſun-beams reillum'd thy fame.
But ah! 'twas then too plain thy Judges ſaw,
To cure ſuch wounds how weak the pow'rs of law.

O ſay, thou chief of all the injur'd train,
Too proud to ſue, too generous to complain;
What can requite thee for thy laurels torn,
And all the mighty miſchiefs thou haſt borne;
For hands arraign'd of blood they never ſpilt,
And thy ſoul branded with the direſt guilt;

For perſecutions and abuſe extreme,
Like public culprits, made the public theme;
Coupling thy name ev'n with the felon crew,
Miſcreants that ſmil'd ev'n as the blade they drew,
To ſtab the infant ſleeping on the breaſt,
And turn'd its mother's ſhrieks into a jeſt;
What can requite for ſlanders ſo complete,
That Robber Haſtings echoes thro' the ſtreet,
Till even thoſe who have reſign'd each claim,
Ev'n to the law's protection dare defame;
For wrongs like theſe what honours can atone,
For wrongs like theſe, O Haſtings! all thy own?

Th' ordeal paſt, the fiery trial o'er,
What tho' thy rancorous foes can rave no more;
What tho' from earth to heav'n the clarion's peal
Till angel tongues thy fame reſtor'd reveal,
Where ſlanders blaſted, tho' now trumps ſhould ſound,
And ſcourges turn'd to trophies blaze around;
Tho' more than Rome's proud triumph ſhould be thine,
And all who love thee the proceſſion join,
While to the general ſhout their tears impart,
The trueſt incenſe of the raptur'd heart,

Than this more wond'rous, ſhould thy glory ſhine,
Till all who envy thee in praiſe combine;
Till EDMUND's ſelf, turn'd penitent, ſhould pay,
Ev'n at thy threſhold homage ev'ry day;
And father FRANCIS, pilgrim-like, repair
To fartheſt Ind, and give thee worſhip there;
An hour there is when wrongs have gain'd a weight,
That worlds in reparation come too late.

Yet *Conſcience* ſtill, that calmly bore the paſt,
Repell'd the ſtorm and mock'd the ſland'rous blaſt;
That ſov'reign good, whoſe power thou know'ſt ſo well,
Can brave the crime by which the angels fell;
'Gainſt foul Ingratitude can give relief,
An heav'nly balm to med'cine ev'ry grief;
That recompenſing Cherub ſtill is thine,
And in thy boſom rears her lilied ſhrine,
Thro' life ſhall lead thee, guard thy lateſt breath,
Nor plant one thorn upon thy bed of death;
But bid the roſe which never fades, to bloom
Sweet as immortal on thy honour'd tomb.

11:7:49

FINIS.